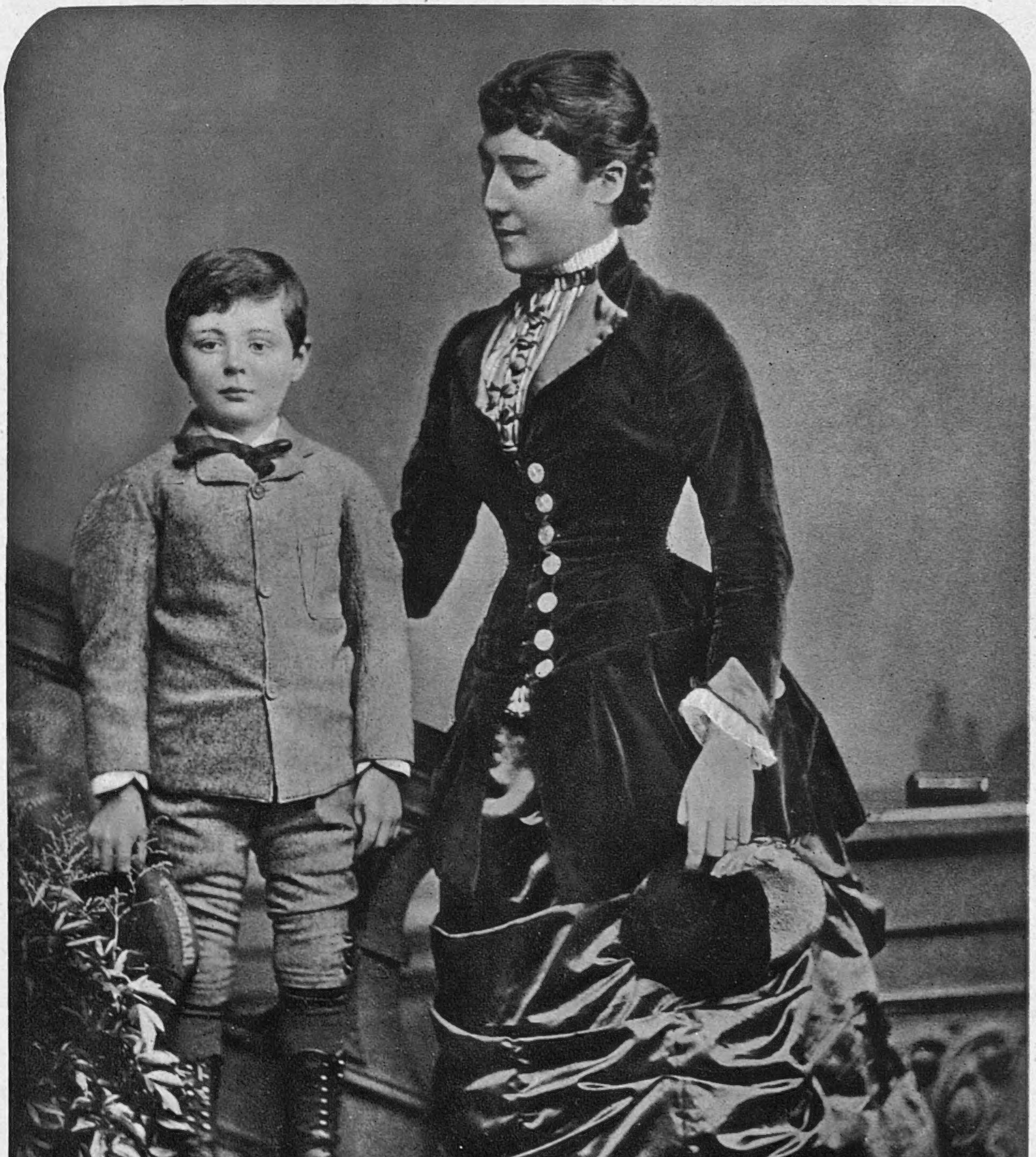
The Sketch

No. 2589—Vol. CXCIX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1943 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



OUR INVINCIBLE PREMIER AT THE AGE OF FIVE, WITH HIS AUNT.

Even at the age of five WINSTON CHURCHILL *had a passion for unconventional clothing, and liked to wear a sailor cap with his tweed suit. "Invincible" is the prophetic name on the cap ribbon. With him is his aunt,* LADY LESLIE, *then Miss Léonie Blanche Jerome, a débutante enjoying the Dublin season, and she is wearing a dress which may very well have been brought from Paris by her elder sister, Lady Randolph Churchill, already a leader of fashion at the time.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Now and Then. That "old-fashioned Christmas"—how old its fashion seems to be! Are you thinking wistfully of the "pre-war" Christmas, to which I have seen many sentimental references lately? If you make a small effort of memory, you will realise that it is a long time indeed since that pre-war festival was accompanied by any "tidings of comfort and joy." Year after year one felt, even if one did not say, "Well, let's *hope* there will be peace on earth and good will among men—but I don't fancy their chances!" There were turkeys and plum-puddings, and there were all the bells and carols of peace, but there was no real peace. The thunder-clouds were gathering, plain to see, unless you cultivated chronic myopia (as many did). No, the old-fashioned Christmas belongs to another age, and it must wait for a new-fashioned world before it comes again in its old fashion.

Then and Now.

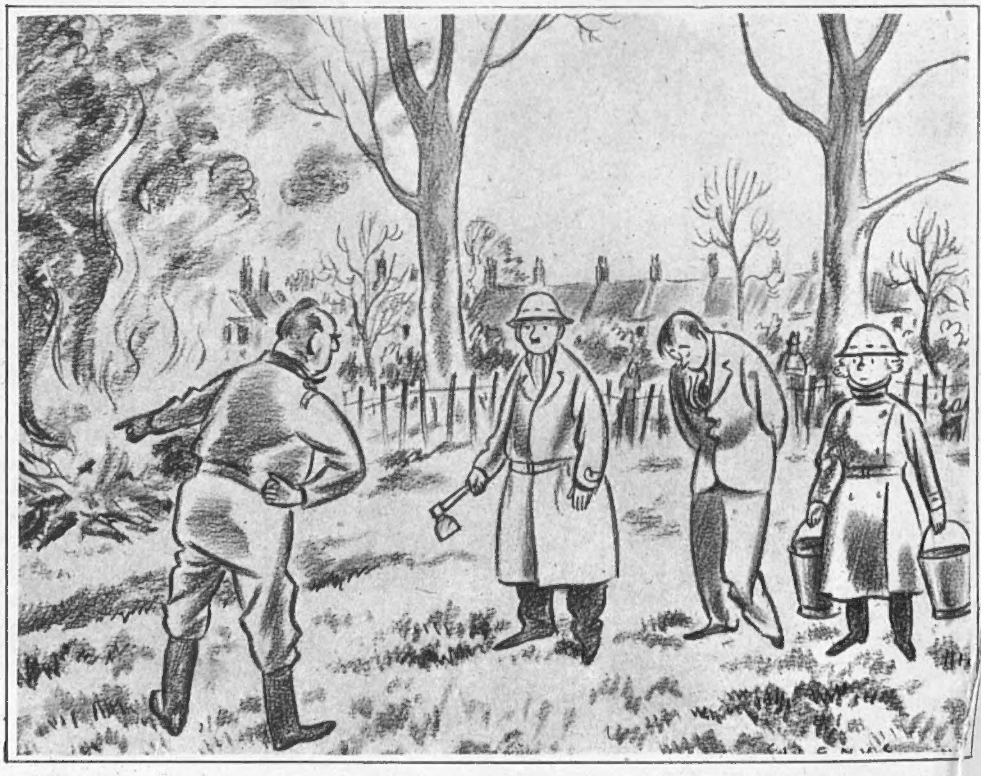
DRAWN BY JOHN G. WALTER.

Silver Linings. Does that sound a little *piano*? Not at all; for in the meantime I see many advantages in a war Christmas. It is undoubtedly a boon and blessing to be immune from the Christmas-card epidemic. The fact that you cannot send Aunt Emily anything whatever relieves you of the agony of mind of trying to think what on earth you *can* send Aunt Emily. "Restriction of movement" relieves your conscience about inviting those kith and kin whose journey never *was* really necessary, and is now definitely, and mercifully, unpatriotic. You won't have to be excruciatingly funny this year in a pink paper cocked hat, because I presume—or, rather, I hope, but I am none too confident—that there won't be any excruciatingly funny millinery in these times of paper shortage. Assuredly, there are many compensations of Austerity at Yuletide, and we should all be thankful for them!

Mixed Company. And, anyhow, it takes a great deal more than Austerity, or even a war, to kill Christmas. I suppose it will be spent by Britons and Americans in more strange places, and with more strange accompaniments, than ever in the history of our race. But it will still be Christmas, whether on Greenland's icy mountains or on India's coral strand. They can outdo Dickens and the spangled Christmas-card up in Iceland; it will be a less orthodox festival, I imagine, in New Guinea. There, and in other tropical latitudes, at least they will not lack company. I have been reading a homely ode, by a soldier in New Guinea, dedicated to his daily and inseparable companions, which are "mossies" (mosquitoes), ants, flies, snakes, scorpions and centipedes. Not quite the society which Mr. Fezziwig would have invited to his ball, and I am not sure whether it is a case of "the more we are together, the merrier we'll be"; but somehow or other, I dare say, a good time will be had by all. We all know that he prayeth best who loveth best, etc., and if a man can show enough of the Christmas spirit to love a scorpion, he has a very affable nature indeed.

Perils of Bed. Meanwhile, to test our characters a little before giving ourselves up to wassail and revelry, a deep depression of catarrh and influenza has approached these islands. Probably one says it almost every year, but I can hardly remember any time when so many coughs and sneezes have spread so many diseases—though, fortunately, they are minor afflictions for the most part. Here again, however, in my incorrigibly optimistic way, I spy a silver lining; for a day or two in bed, even with a slight temperature, is by no means the worst of misfortunes, and, indeed, has certain definite advantages for the war-weary. This is not the unanimous opinion of the medical profession, for I observe that a writer in "The Lancet" has recently been inveighing against doctors who send their patients to bed on small provocation. I am shocked to see bed described as "dangerous for the aged and irksome for the young." Rest in bed, we are told, "lowers morale." Most depressing of all, it is hinted that some doctors send their patients to bed because it is better for their professional reputations for the patients to die quietly between the sheets than "with their boots on"!

The Art of Healing. With every respect, I think that this iconoclast has mistaken the function of the medical profession. There are, no doubt, some people who would prefer never to get up at all; and, for that matter, there is much to be said for taking an anæsthetic, or curling up like the bears and the wasps, throughout the whole of the English winter. But the average restless individual has a strange urge to be up and doing, and when he suddenly feels a strong conviction



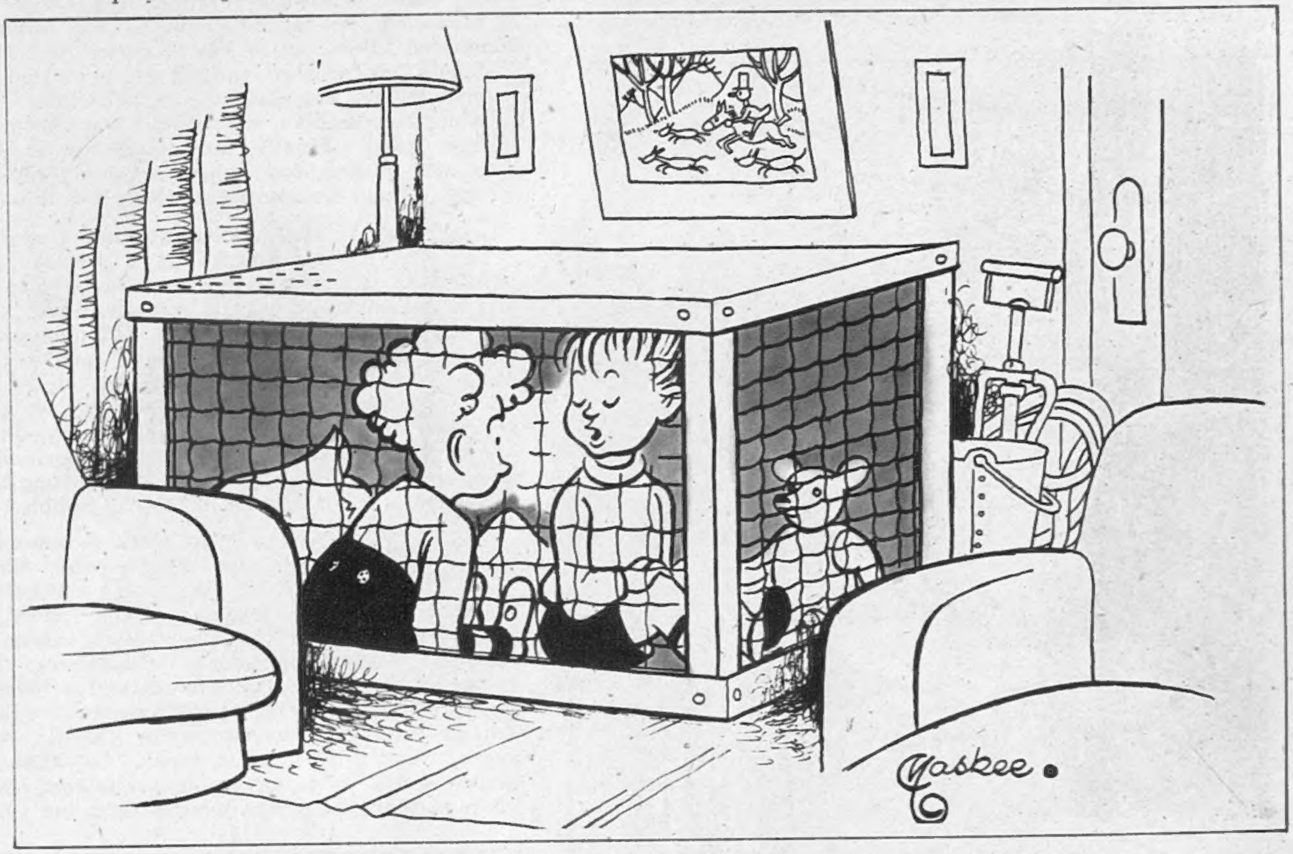
"Now, here's a fire which you're going to put out with an imaginary stirrup pump . . ." (DRAWN BY SILENUS.)

THIS IS TOTAL WAR—AND WASTE PAPER IS A MUNITION.

that he would rather be down and out than up and about, bed is probably the right place for him. But a false pride prevents him from going there; it is feeble, it is fussy, it is "giving in"; and that is where the doctor plays his part as a real social benefactor and healer. He gives orders—and nobody then can say that you are "giving in." We cheerfully pay fees to doctors for prescribing for us what we have already prescribed for ourselves. Otherwise the doctors would starve and the patients would all die of pneumonia.

Panacea.

Unless, of course, they produce that infallible remedy for the "common" cold for which suffering humanity has been waiting so long. There is now some suggestion of this inestimable boon actually materialising. Coughing, wheezing and snuffling flesh-and-blood is clutching at a substance called "patulin" as a drowning man at a straw. Another of these miraculous fungi (and who would have guessed that the despised fungus would revolutionise therapeutics?) of the great penicillin family? High hopes have been raised, but now the voice of caution is heard from the Ministry of Health. Wait and see, we are told; the experiments are going on, and *perhaps* next winter the miracle will happen, but nobody knows yet. Another cup dashed from the lips. Well, if the Ministry of Health cannot solve the sniffle problem, I hope the Board of Trade will devote its attention to the handkerchief problem.



"Now, I can remember way back in 1940, when blitzes *were* blitzes . . ."

DRAWN BY MASKEE.

I am prepared at any time to lead a demonstration in Trafalgar Square for fewer colds or more handkerchiefs—one or the other—and I think it is the least that a loyal citizen is entitled to demand from a Government which promises us so many other boons.

"Your Uncle's always sent us a turkey. This year he's sent us a robin on a Christmas-card!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

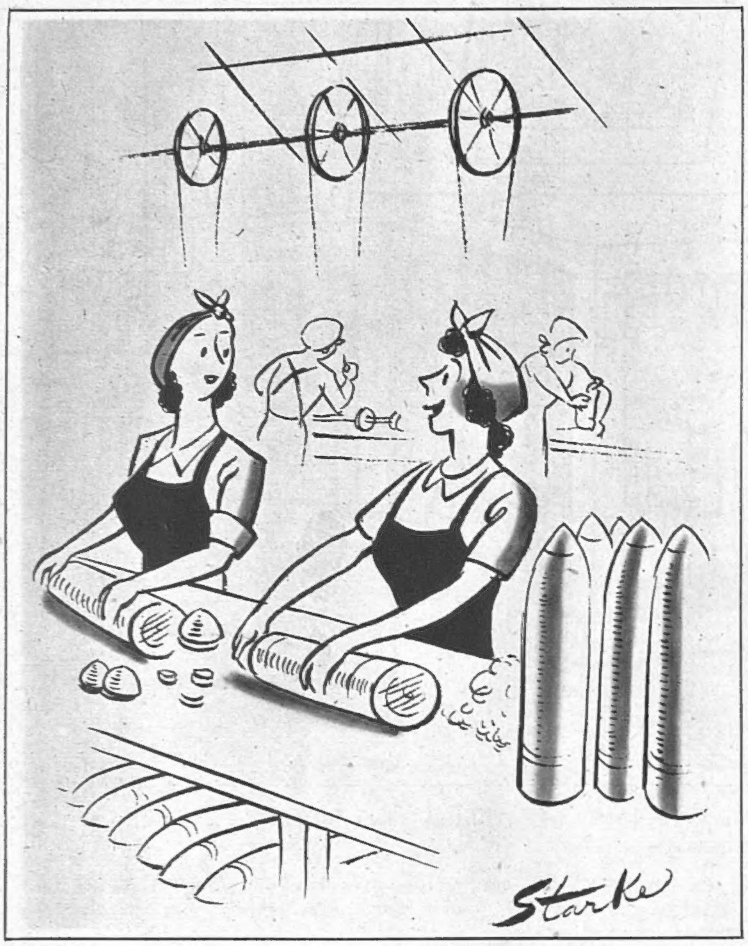
Tall but True.

However, I shall continue to hope for the miracle, because, after all, miracles are commonplaces nowadays. Once upon a time people like Baron Munchausen and Louis de Rougemont got bad reputations for tall stories; but after this war nobody will ever be able to dismiss any story as too tall. If, five years ago, a man had told you that, when in mid-air during a daylight raid, he had fallen out of his turret, caught his foot on a range pedal of his gun, and hauled himself back by his toes into his 'plane, you would have said harsh things about him; but I have no reason to doubt the veracity of the

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]

the Sergeant Gunner who recently described this acrobatic adventure. Nor can I question the indestructibility of a Fleet Air Arm Lieutenant who has crashed twice on a carrier, twice into the "drink" (once shot down), once on a mountain, once on a bomb-crater and once on a haystack—and never got a scratch. But that sort of luck cannot continue for ever, and at the eighth



"You know, every time I fill up one of these babies, I feel kind of mischievous!" (DRAWN BY STARKE.)

attempt—a "prang" from 100 ft. on his carrier—the poor fellow *lost two teeth*. Sad to think—forgive me for dwelling on the subject—that a man as tough as that is just as liable to a nasty cold as you or I! Such is frail mortality.

Life in the Old Dog Yet. But it is not only airmen who are tough. There are others who are "wearing well" in a quiet way, though they might not be very good at hanging out of aircraft by their toes. Probably it is a symptom of advancing years that I feel a distinct satisfaction when I read that no fewer than a million men and women over sixty-five are doing hard, full-time jobs in fields, warehouses and factories. And, on all the evidence, they can show some of the youngsters a thing or two. I even read that a matriarch of North London has celebrated her hundred-and-first birthday by going to the theatre—and in no Early Victorian mood either, for she says: "I am interested in jazz, and I like to see plenty of pretty girls on the stage." All this is very encouraging, for it seems, according to Sir William Beveridge and the population experts, that before the century is out all the giddy youth of the country will be in its blushing sixties and seventies. It is time they came into their own; they have had to put up with a lot of cracks about the sins of the Old Men and the mess they have made of the world. It is just as well that they have a kick or two left, for I rather think they are going to need them.

Pure and Simple. I hope that the old lady, when she went to her centenary theatre-party, heard nothing unsuitable for her tender years; but I am sometimes tempted, in places of entertainment, to think that what is apparently fit for the young and innocent is liable to bring the blush of shame to venerable cheeks. Apparently the B.B.C. thinks so too, and there is a strong move to keep the party clean. High time too, some may think; but it is surprising to find what subjects come under the ban. No ill-timed pleasantry about the Home Guard, the Doughboy or the Women's Defence Services, though you can still, it seems, have a crack at the poor old Air Raid Warden; he is used to it, however! No jokes about drink! This seems to me to be perilously like putting the variety artist out of business altogether. On the other hand, I cannot regret that it is *verboten* to represent the Army officer as invariably a monocled, red-tabbed, haw-hawing nitwit: he is a good-humoured fellow, but he has become a little tired of that wheeze. "Bloody" is banished, though still permitted, I presume, to free-spoken fellows like Shakespeare and Shaw. Again rather hard luck on the comedian, who could always get a laugh with it when all else failed. Finally, no impersonations of the Brains Trust. And very proper, too; there are some subjects too sacred for jesting. There are also some which it is impossible to caricature.

Canned Sex. Hollywood, too, has joined the Clean Party movement. It is proposing to take the shine out of S.A. At present it glistens in the form of petroleum jelly and oil, which sound a little barbaric to me, but which apparently has a strong appeal for certain film-fans and star-gazers. The photographers call it "canned sex," and say that it "makes a woman live." Mr. Cecil B. de Mille, on the other hand, holds that "when you grease a woman that way, you ruin her." It is very puzzling to the simple mind. I always understood that there was nothing a woman dreaded more than undue skin-refulgence, especially as to the nose, and it is surprising to learn that charm now consists in coruscating like a soap-bubble.

A New Heaven. As the entire world is now planned, it was only a question of time before the universe was also planned. We have a new earth; why not a new heaven? But I did not expect the Larger Planning to come from Mr. A. P. Herbert. He wants to rename all the stars, for the mere prosaic convenience of mariners. He does not seem to care at all about the astronomers and astrologers, whose living he would take away, nor has he any reverence for the pagan gods. Just imagine turning Venus into V for Victoria, or Saturn into S for Sugar! Can it be—can it *possibly* be—that Mr. Herbert is not wholly serious? Is it conceivable that he is out-planning the planners? I hate to doubt the purity of his motives, but I have my suspicions.

"Have you a copy of 'What a Young Girl Should Know'? My daughter keeps telling me I'm very old-fashioned!" (DRAWN BY PITTS.)

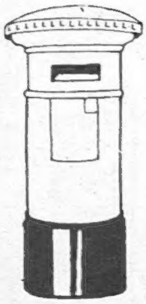
The seventy-eighth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"CHEER UP, OLD GIRL! . . . NOW, WHAT SHALL I BRING YOU BACK FROM ITALY?"
"DARLING! THE ANSWER'S A LEMON!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We have got a kitten. It is called General James Barton, after Brother James. We had to get it because of the mice, which had taken to scampering over our faces at night, but we felt rather apologetic to Perry, because his breed holds the Ratting Championship of the world, though the gift, somehow, seems to have passed him by. He did catch a mouse once, but only after Charles had hit it with a telephone directory. Perry was frightfully pleased with himself after this, his first kill, and carried the mouse, with low growls, to his basket, where he lay for the rest of the evening with one paw covering the corpse, and his head very erect, like the Monarch of the Glen.

The Kitten is an entrancing creature with short grey fur and yellow eyes. When it arrived in its little hamper it began purring before we had got the lid open, and as soon as we lifted it out it made it perfectly plain that it liked us, and was pleased to come and live in our house.

"Isn't it adorable, Charles?" I said, as the Kitten rubbed its little face against my cheek.

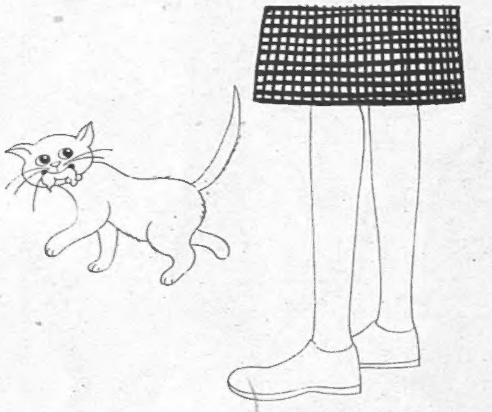
"Not bad," said Charles, who pretends he doesn't like cats.

The introduction to Perry was a ticklish affair. "Look, Perry, a darling little Kitten!"

Perry looked at the kitten with disgust, and us with reproach.

"Look, General James, a dear little black wog-pog!"

The Kitten arched its back and spat, and Perry gave us a Look which said, "I know I am an Old Dog now, and no use to you, but you might have spared me this insult." Then he turned, and began walking out of the room.



"A malevolent gleam."

The Kitten scampered after him and caught him up before he reached the door. It ran round in front of him and barred his way. Perry stood rigid, looking over the top of its head. The Kitten advanced two steps, and then put out a paw and patted Perry gently on the nose.

Perry looked at us in a bewildered way. "It 's all right, Old Man, it wants to be friends," said Charles.

Perry looked at the Kitten, and the Kitten again lifted a paw and laid it, light as a caress, on Perry's cheek. Slowly Perry's long, thin whip-tail began to wag, and Charles and I heaved great sighs of relief.

General James Barton had only been with us a week when he caught his first mouse. It was a very little mouse, hardly old enough to be out alone, but all the same it was a great triumph. He caught it behind the gas-stove while I was putting on the kettle for my hot-water bottle one night. He made a sudden dash, there was some dreadful squeaking, and he emerged with the mouse in his mouth like a sprouting brown moustache.

"Oh, James!" I cried. "The poor little thing!"

James gave me a malevolent gleam out of his yellow eyes and took the mouse into a corner, where he began doing quite dreadful things. Feeling slightly sick, I went into the drawing-room, where Charles was reading under his Anglepoise, like a stage star with the Floods on.

"Charles, the General has caught a mouse."

"Good," said Charles.

"But he 's behaving in the most horrible way."

"It is their Nature," said Charles without looking up. "'Nature red in tooth and claw,'" he added, with the satisfaction of one who quotes.

"But I really don't feel I can go to bed and leave that torture going on in the kitchen."

"For the love of Mike!" cried Charles, laying down his paper. "There are enough awful things going on in the world without getting in a state over a mouse!"

I felt Charles was right, so I went to bed and left General James Barton to his horrid practices.

In the morning he was still playing with his mouse, now, happily, a rather dusty corpse. In the middle of breakfast he began eating it noisily just beside my chair, and its red entrails were spread over the carpet. Even Charles turned a little pale, but he still maintained that Nature Must Have Her Way, and that if we interfered with James's first Kill, he would probably become a mass of repressions and never kill anything else.

Two nights later our Gallant General (now know as Mouser Barton) caught another mouse. But by this time he had become quite *blasé* about it, and left his prey lying on the kitchen floor. It was while Evensong was away, and when I was getting the breakfast, I trod on it and it exploded with a horrid sound.

When Evensong came back she took a violent liking to the Kitten. I encouraged this at first, as she was in low spirits after her illness and needed outside interests.

"'Not bad,' said Charles."

But she gives him such enormous meals that now he has retired from the mousing business altogether and lies in heavy slumber all night on a cushion on Evensong's chair, and the mice have returned to their carefree scamperings.

Yesterday the Kitten insisted upon getting into Perry's basket. This was too much for the old dog, who had been behaving very nicely up till then, and he growled and showed his long, yellow teeth.

"Come along, General James," I said. "You mustn't bother old gentlemen," and I lifted him out.

The Kitten immediately got back again. I lifted him out a second time and sat him on my knee. "If you worry that dog too much he 'll bite you, and serve you right," I said.

The Kitten jumped lightly off my knee and got into Perry's basket again, curled up and lay down, rested its little grey head against Perry's black satin side, and immediately fell into an innocent sleep.

Perry looked up at me with a despairing expression, showing the whites of his eyes. I could only shrug my shoulders, for the situation seemed to have got out of hand.

Even Charles lowered *The Times* and looked at Perry in silence. Then he said gravely, "You know, Perry, even David had a young wife to keep him warm in bed when he was old."

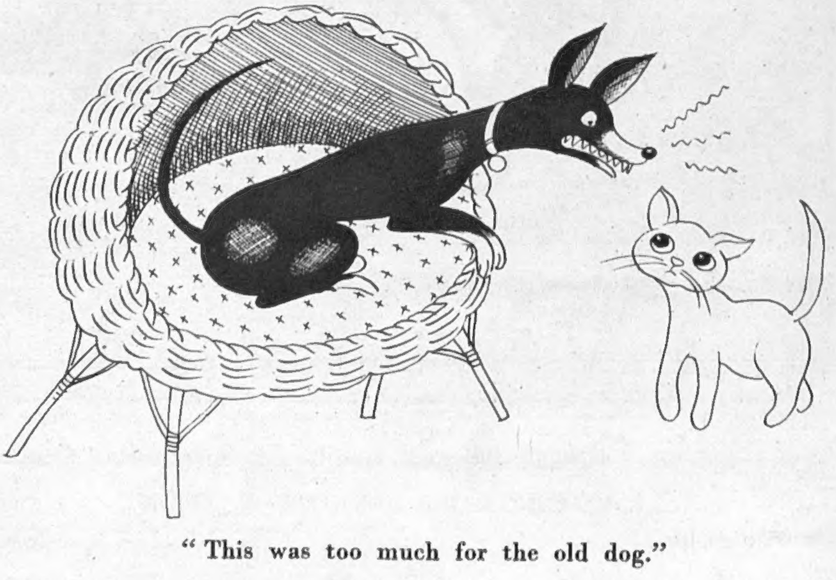
Perry gave Charles a long, meaning, Man's look. Then he sighed, laid his chin on the Kitten's head, and went to sleep.

The Kitten stirred and stretched and put one little grey paw round Perry's neck. But Perry never even stirred.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

When the Kitten is not in Perry's basket it sits on Charles's chest. Charles says "Damn the cat!", but it is easy to see that he is really flattered and pleased. In all the fourteen years we have had him, Perry has never shown him so much kindness.



"This was too much for the old dog."

LADY ANNE SOUTHBY
AND RICHARD.

LADY ANNE SOUTHBY, *elder daughter of the former Viceroy of India, Lord Linlithgow, married Lieutenant Patrick H. J. Southby, R.N., younger son of Sir Archibald Southby, M.P. and Lady Southby, in Delhi in 1939. Their small son,* RICHARD HENRY ALEXANDER, *is just two years old. Lord Linlithgow recently returned from India, where he held the Viceroyalty for a second term—in all, seven years.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

WHEN Julien Duvivier made "Un Carnet de Bal" all those years ago in France, I'm afraid he started something he is going to find it very hard to finish —if he ever manages to finish it at all. For the success of "Carnet" impressed Hollywood with the notion that all Duvivier films ought to be made on the "Carnet" model; that is to say, a series of short episodes, each with its distinct star cast, hung on some slender connecting thread of story. Of the four films Duvivier has directed since he went to America, the last three—"Lydia," "Tales of Manhattan," and now "FLESH AND FANTASY" (Leicester Square)—have all been made along these lines.

Now, the short-story form is a damnably tricky thing. It is tricky in literature, and it is tricky on the screen. It demands a crystallisation of style that is infinitely more difficult to achieve than elaboration. Every phrase and every moment must count. There is no room for the irrelevant; no time at all for mistakes. "Un Carnet de Bal" was a great film, because each episode was complete in itself, and each instant in each episode was explicit. Duvivier has never recaptured the special quality of "Carnet" in any of his Hollywood collections of short stories. It may be the handicap of an artist working in a foreign country with foreign writers, technicians, executives and actors; it may be that his talent in that line is temporarily played out; it may be that the scripts have just not been good enough. At any rate, "Lydia" lagged behind "Carnet"; "Tales of Manhattan," to this reviewer at least, lagged behind "Lydia"; and I haven't the smallest hesitation in saying that "Flesh and Fantasy" lags a long way behind them all.

What is the new film about? Well, that is one of the things M. Duvivier makes insufficiently clear. What *is* it about? It seems, in a dimmish sort of way, to tackle the problem of predetermination. At the beginning we are introduced to Robert Benchley, who has just passed a terrible night. He has met a fortune-teller, who tells him he is going to do one thing; he has dreamt a dream, which tells him he is going to do precisely the opposite. Which prophecy should he believe? Ought he to believe either? Have dreams any meaning as omens? Is there such a thing as prevision? An obliging fellow-clubman produces a book which he thinks should solve Mr. Benchley's problems. It is a massive tome with three short stories in it, and the film fades back to show us the three stories.

Story Number One features Betty Field and Robert Cummings, and takes place during a Mardi Gras carnival. A drab little dressmaker falls in love with a student, but he never notices her existence until she puts on a mask and courts him at the carnival. This mask is supposed to be a thing of entrancing beauty, and the poor girl is afraid to take it off, lest the young man be horrified by the face behind it. But she hasn't reckoned with Love, which has been putting in some swift work behind the mask, giving her a complete facial and hair-do. And so we come to the end of the story, and if you can tell me what *that* has to do with the interpretation of dreams I should be glad to hear.

Story Number Two, with Edward G. Robinson, is set in London, and is an adaptation of Oscar Wilde's "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime." An American lawyer, engaged to an English society blonde, is told by a palmist that he is going to commit a murder. Determined to get the beastly thing over and done with before his marriage, he looks over the people he knows in Mayfair, and decides which of them is the most expendable. In order of preference, his selected victims are (*a*) a very old Dowager (Dame May Whitty); (*b*) a very old Dean (C. Aubrey Smith). He tries for the first victim with poison; for the second with a blunt instrument. But both elude him, and finally, in despair, he sees nothing for it but to strangle the palmist. This episode of "Flesh and Fantasy," although hardly Wilde, and certainly not London, is easily the best section of the picture; with a scene in the palmist's frowsy—what shall we call it?—consulting-room that reminds us that this same Duvivier *did* once achieve the haunting Marseilles sequence in "Un Carnet de Bal."

Story Number Three introduces Charles Boyer as a tight-rope walker, who dreams that an unknown woman screams during his high-wire act, and that he falls to his death. Meeting the woman (Barbara Stanwyck) next day on board ship, he is naturally a little intrigued and nervous. When, however, he goes on to dream that the lady is arrested as she steps ashore in New York, and she *isn't* arrested, he screws up courage to defy fate and do his high-wire act. And he doesn't fall. Not that night, anyway. But the next day the lady *is* arrested—and the picture leaves us to draw our own conclusions.

"Flesh and Fantasy" fades back to Robert Benchley, and his problem of predetermination. One hopes that the stories have helped him, but one fears from his face they haven't. He blunders out of the club-room with a look of baffled bewilderment, and I must own that in this case my sympathies are all with Mr. B.

"GIRL CRAZY" (Empire) will do very nicely for the people who enjoyed "Babes in Arms" and "Babes on Broadway." It stars the same talented babes, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland—or, as some may begin to prefer the order, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. It is good-humoured and jolly, and has a satisfactory hot Gershwin score, which the artists involved attack with considerable zingo.

Mind you, it hasn't much of a story. Mickey Rooney appears as a New York playboy, who is sent by his father to a college in the cow-country, to get him away from lipstick influence. There are no girl students at Cody College, Codyville. But the Dean has a granddaughter (Judy Garland). Granddaughter wears check riding-breeches of impeccable cut, and a fine cashmere sweater (imported, at a guess) with "Ginger" embroidered on the bosom. She carries the college mails, and is the darling of the student body, and our playboy naturally discovers her first pop.

Indeed, they get on so well together, singing the same kind of music and all, that there wouldn't be any story at all if the script didn't threaten to close down Cody College. In view of this menace, the playboy and the post-girl arrange a vast propaganda drive for the dear old *alma mater*. What is needed, they appreciate, is Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra, 100 Beautiful Girls, and an annual rodeo. This being the sort of cultural background every parent naturally desires for his

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." * * *=highest value.*

* * * "FLARE PATH" (*Apollo*). R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

* * * "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne.

* * * "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

* * "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

* * "SWEET AND LOW" (*Ambassadors*). Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in revue.

* * "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

* * "CLAUDIA" (*St. Martin's*). Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

* * "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

* * "ARC DE TRIOMPHE" (*Phœnix*). Ivor Novello's Paris cavalcade—1906-1925—with Mary Ellis, Raymond Lovell, Peter Graves, Elisabeth Welch.

* * "PANAMA HATTIE" (*Piccadilly*). Revue, with Bebe Daniels, Richard Hearne, Max Wall, Ivan Brandt, Claude Hulbert.

* * "STRIKE A NEW NOTE" (*Prince of Wales*). George Black's revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

* * "MY SISTER EILEEN" (*Savoy*). American slapstick with Sally Gray, Coral Browne, Max Bacon.

* * "JUNIOR MISS" (*Saville*). Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

* * "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

* * "HI-DE-HI" (*Stoll*). Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Florence Desmond, Eddie Gray.

* * "IT'S TIME TO DANCE" (*Lyric*). With Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney, Elsie Randolph.

* * SADLER'S WELLS BALLET (*New*). Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn, Constant Lambert conducts.

* "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN" (*Coliseum*). Revue with Nervo and Knox.

* "THIS TIME IT'S LOVE" (*Comedy*). Comedy from the French: Ernest Thesiger, Ellen Pollock, Charles Heslop, Beryl Mason.

* "SHE FOLLOWS ME ABOUT" (*Garrick*). Farce. Robertson Hare, Basil Radford, Catherine Lacey, Joyce Heron.

* "THEY CAME TO A CITY" (*Globe*). Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

* "LOVE FOR LOVE" (*Haymarket*). Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

* "MR. BOLFRY" (*Playhouse*). New James Bridie play. Alastair Sim.

* "TEN LITTLE NIGGERS" (*St. James's*). Agatha Christie's thriller. Linden Travers, Allan Jeayes, Terence de Marney.

* "ACACIA AVENUE" (*Vaudeville*). Comedy. Gordon Harker, Hubert Gregg, Dorothy Hamilton, Megs Jenkins.

* "THE LOVE RACKET" (*Victoria Palace*). High-speed musical with Arthur Askey and Carol Raye.

* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

* "HALFWAY TO HEAVEN" (*Princes*). Bobby Howes, Sydney Howard, Betty Stockfield.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

offspring, applications for enrolment pour in by the thousand. Whereupon Cody College is vociferously, and you may think regrettably, saved.

Of all the stories about Bogart's good sense, none seems more to his credit than the rumour of his attitude towards the film currently on view at Warners, "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS." He makes a brief appearance in the film, it is true, burlesquing himself as a tough guy in a stubbly beard. But his passage seems to be curiously aloof, detached in a marked way from the subject. It is said that he fought shy of appearing in the song-and-dance trio originally scheduled for him.

"Thank Your Lucky Stars" is one of those big, sprawling Hollywood musicals in which all the available contract artists on the lot are called upon to do something to amuse the company. Since there are quite a number of contract artists at Warners, this takes some time; well over two hours. The occasion is a mammoth benefit performance, got up in aid of Allied Charities by a comic conductor (S. K. Sakall) and

"The Night is Ending," due at the Tivoli on December 19, is a war drama set in France. Yvonne (BRENDA MARSHALL) *works with Dr. Marbel* (GEORGE SANDERS) *for the patriots and has shot the tyrannical Nazi, Pirosh* (ROBERT LEWIS). *The Nazis beg Dr. Marbel to operate, and save Pirosh's life, promising, in return, to release fifty hostages held for the shooting. Yvonne's husband, Jean, has been in a Nazi prison camp, and has lost heart, but the courage of his wife and the Doctor restores his manhood and he sacrifices his life by accusing himself of wounding Pirosh, for, of course, the Germans have not kept their part of the bargain, and have failed to release the hostages.*

The spontaneous enthusiasm with which the whole population of the Russian villages rose to fight the invader is vividly presented in "North Star." Boys, girls and women all eagerly take up arms to drive out the enemy.

"North Star," due at the Regal and the London Pavilion on December 10, is a drama of the Nazi invasion of Russia and the magnificent courage of the Russians. Here Karp (WALTER BRENNAN) *is coaching Marina* (ANNE BAXTER) *in methods of fighting the invading Germans behind their lines.*

"North Star." The brutal, stony-faced Dr. von Harden (ERICH VON STROHEIM) *and his assistant, the fanatical Nazi, Richter* (MARTIN KOSLECK), *ride pompously into the blitzed Russian village, expecting all resistance to have subsided.*

a comic dance producer (Edward Everett Horton). The stars involved in song or dance turns include Bette Davis, Eddie Cantor, Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Joan Leslie, Dennis Morgan, Dinah Shore, Olivia de Havilland, John Garfield, Ida Lupino, Alexis Smith, Alan Hale, Jack Carson, and Hattie McDaniel, some of whom are familiar with this kind of work and others palpably not. Lest this galaxy should prove insufficient, the script allows for Mr. Cantor, the principal comedian, to play his part twice over. That is to say, there are two Eddie Cantors, or Eddie Cantor in a dual rôle, which means an awful lot of Eddie Cantor.

Cantor Number One permits himself to be made the butt of the show. He portrays himself as a bore, a megalomaniac, and a hoary comedian with a repertoire of stale jokes. Since he holds Dinah Shore's radio contract, and Miss Shore is essential for the benefit performance, the promoters are forced to strike a bargain with him, but they get rid of him as quickly as they can. He is insulted, fled from, scored off, kidnapped, tormented, forcibly restrained, and finally rejected.

In contrast with this unlovely characterisation, Cantor Number Two is simple and sweet. He appears as a tourist guide, who escorts rubber-necks to gape at the Hollywood homes of the great. The script fixes it so that he shall step in and impersonate Cantor Number One on the night of the big show. Looking precisely like Cantor Number One, singing Cantor Number One's songs, and acting in the Cantor Number One way, he is now allowed to be very, very funny. This proves a bit confusing to simple minds like mine.

The most satisfactory turns in the film, except to those who are irrevocably set against swing, are probably Dinah Shore's. Miss Shore, whom we have frequently heard on the air in "Command Performance," is a radio favourite with a real touch of style. She has three songs, "Thank Your Lucky Stars," "The Dreamer," and "How Sweet You Are," the last of which deserves to become a hitlet, or minor hit. The least satisfactory item, although certainly the most startling, is possibly Bette Davis's. Miss Davis's appearance is heralded by quite a little flutter in the screen audience at the benefit show. The turn is obviously intended to be top of the bill. "Ah, Bette Davis," breathes some jewelled dowager in the front row of the stalls. "My favourite star."

My Favourite Star descends wearily from a limousine, in evening dress. She is *soignée*, languid, sophisticated, a cross between Tallulah Bankhead and Marlene Dietrich in their deepest moments of *weltschmerz*. She languishes into a night club. She casts a disparaging glance over the types of civilian male displayed there. She sings. She sings of her undying love for a member of the armed forces, and makes it pretty clear that this fidelity is due less to lack of motive than to lack of opportunity. She reappears briefly on a star in the Giant Finale.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY toured the London area A.-A. posts. He is here chatting to LILY BARRETT and DORIS SNAILHAM, of the A.T.S.

CAPTAIN VISCOUNT VAUGHAN, Welsh Guards, son of the Earl of Lisburne, married MISS SHELAGH MACAULEY, daughter of Mrs. T. A. Macauley, at St. James's, Spanish Place.

The infant son of GROUP CAPTAIN C. PICKARD (of "F" for Freddie fame) and MRS. PICKARD was christened NICHOLAS CHARLES at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Above: Twin-brother pilots F/O. TONY and F/O. PETER SINGER, of New Zealand, were decorated with the D.F.C. at the same Investiture. They are in the same squadron.

HAL BRYAN, KNOX, NAUGHTON AND GOLD, ANN STEPHENS, NORMA DAWN, NERVO, PAT KIRKWOOD, EDNA PROUD rehearse for "Humpty Dumpty," London Coliseum panto.

Right: BÉBÉ DANIELS is making a big success in "Panama Hattie," at the Piccadilly. In this number she has MAX WALL, RICHARD HEARNE, JACK STANFORD and CLAUDE HULBERT to support her.

PEOPLE IN THE WEEK'S NEWS.

Screen-star LIEUT. ROBERT TAYLOR, *U.S. Naval Air Command,* home on leave found his wife, BARBARA STANWYCK, had gone blonde.

The TORPEDO WRENS are doing a tough job, and no mistake. This photograph shows them vigorously transporting "tin fish" from M.T.B.s to store.

DOROTHY CARLESS, DOREEN VILLIERS and RUTH HOWARD used the tail of an aeroplane to make up before giving an al fresco desert show to the troops.

Above: AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM inspected FLORENCE DESMOND'S rare and refreshing lemons and bananas before she auctioned them for charity.

Left: Believe it or not, this is blonde FRANCES DAY, gone brunette temporarily for her current film, "Fiddlers Three," which is being shot at Ealing Studios.

Film-star JAMES STEWART, now a full-blown operational pilot with a squadron of Liberators over here, recently gave a Press conference.

PERSONALITY REVIEW BY SNAPSHOT.

Marshal Stalin in uniform.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE ALLIED LEADERS, for giving a varied sartorial display at the Conferences as well as concerting their plans for victory.

ON board the warship *en route* for the Three-Power conferences, Mr. Churchill wore nautical kit. Later he appeared in R.A.F. uniform as Air Commodore; in military uniform as Hon. Colonel of the 4th Hussars; in a light tropical suit; and in a dinner jacket. He wore the caracul cap presented on his birthday by the official photographers with his R.A.F. uniform.—Marshal Stalin wore the beige-coloured uniform of a Marshal of the Soviet Union, with the ribbon and star of a Hero of the Soviet Union.—Mr. Roosevelt wore a lounge suit.—Marshal Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese dress, which he favoured on occasion, consisted of a blue gown and black jacket, and he also appeared in khaki. Madame Chiang Kai-shek's long black Chinese dress was patterned with purple flowers. It was slit at one side and worn with white shoes, a plain black high-necked mandarin coat, jade ear-rings and a straw hat with a green ribbon. She also wore a short light coat over her dress. Her high-heeled shoes were open at the toes.

Mr. Roosevelt in a lounge suit.

Mr. Churchill—Colonel of the 4th Hussars.

Mr. Churchill in nautical kit.

Mr. Churchill in his caracul cap.

Mr. Churchill in tropical white.

Mr. Churchill—Air Commodore.

Marshal Chiang Kai-shek in uniform.

The Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

NEW FOOD MINISTER—
COLONEL J. J. LLEWELLIN.

Slipping on the mantle of Lord Woolton, COLONEL *the* RT. HON. J. J. LLEWELLIN, M.P., *has taken over the food control of the nation. As Resident Minister he was in Washington for supply questions at the beginning of this year, and comes to his post with a knowledge of the problems of supply confronting the Allies. He was at Eton and University College, Oxford. Served in the R.G.A. in France, 1915-19; was called to the Bar, 1921, and became Parliamentary Private Secretary to the P.M.G. in 1931. As Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Aircraft Production under Lord Beaverbrook, and later as his successor, Colonel Llewellin was largely responsible for assuring the R.A.F. an adequate 'plane supply for bombing raids on Axis territory. He is M.P. for Uxbridge.*

THE LUNTS RETURN TO-NIGHT:

ALFRED LUNT *as Dr. Karila Vlachos, world-famous Greek scientist and pacifist, gets into uniform to fight the Axis.*

LYNN FONTANNE *as Miranda Vlachos, American wife of the Greek scientist. She is forced to realise the necessity for war.*

The German agent, Dr. Ziemssen (GERARD KEMPINSKI) *comes to advise Vlachos and his wife to take refuge in America before war breaks out.*

The Vlachos' New Year's party in Athens before the doctor and his young compatriots leave for the front.

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT," the new Robert E. Sherwood play starring those brilliant and accomplished artists, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, is due to open in London to-night, December 15, at the Aldwych, after a successful provincial try-out. The scene is set in Greece. Karila Vlachos, brilliant scientist, and his American-born wife are highly civilised pacifists, and the drama deals with their conversion to the understanding that war is necessary and that the aggressive Nazi and Fascist nations must be subdued. A German agent attempts to induce them to flee to America—for, as he points

[*Continued opposite.*

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT."

Elini Rhalles (MURIEL PAVLOW) tells her future parents-in-law, Dr. and Mme. Vlachos, that she is expecting a baby.

LYNN FONTANNE as *Miranda, American-born wife of the Greek scientist, who becomes fiercely patriotic.*

Dr. Vlachos, scientist and man of peace, and Mme. Vlachos learn that their son has joined the Greek Army.

LYNN FONTANNE as *Miranda Vlachos, in "There Shall Be No Night," which is due to open to-night, December 15, at the Aldwych.*

Continued.]

out, a scientist such as Vlachos is of value to the world; but when their son joins the Greek Army and their future daughter-in-law, who is expecting a baby, cries that she does not want to bring a child into so cruel a world, they realise that to defeat the Nazis is the only way to ensure peace. Karila joins up as an Army doctor, Miranda remains in Greece, and Elini, now the wife of young Vlachos, is sent to have her child in the States. The superb acting of the Lunts and the excellence of the supporting cast gives full value to Sherwood's drama.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

WIFE OF THE NEW COMMANDO CHIEF.

MRS. ROBERT LAYCOCK *is the wife of Major-General Robert E. Laycock, D.S.O., who last month was appointed to succeed Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten as Chief of Combined Operations, and is herself working at Combined Operations H.Q. on the Commando Benevolent Fund. She was Miss Angela Dudley Ward, is the younger daughter of the Marquise de Casa Maury and of Mr. W. Dudley Ward, and sister to screen-star Penelope Dudley Ward. She married General (then Colonel) Laycock in 1935 and has one son and two daughters. General Laycock attended the Three-Power Conference in North Africa as a member of the Prime Minister's delegation.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARLIP.

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY SANDA CANTACUZINO.

The recipes on this page, specially devised for "The Sketch" by Princess Cantacuzino, solve the problem of the Children's Party.

SWEETS.

CHOCOLATE CRUNCH (1 lb.): *Heat to boiling-point 4 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup; then mix in 4 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs and 8 of sweetened chocolate powder. Stir, while boiling, for 3 to 5 minutes. Pour out on to a greased board and, when almost cold, cut into squares.*

MARZIPAN ROLL (1 lb.): *Mix, over a low fire, 4 oz. of melted margarine with 4 oz. of flour; remove from the flame and add 4 tablespoonfuls of sweetened, condensed milk, 8 of haricot bean purée (not tinned), 3 oz. of sugar and 4 teaspoonfuls of almond essence. Work well, shape into a roll, and sprinkle with chocolate powder.*

GOLDEN DROPS (1 lb.): *Melt ¼ lb. of margarine and stir in ¼ lb. of flour until a smooth paste is obtained. Add 8 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup and bring to the boil, stirring all the time, until the mixture, when tested in cold water, sets firmly. Pour out on to a greased board, and when almost cold cut into rounds.*

CARAMELS MOCCA (1 lb.): *In a saucepan containing 4 tablespoonfuls of melted margarine, put 4 tablespoonfuls of flour, 8 of sweetened, condensed milk, and 2 of coffee essence. Mix thoroughly, bring slowly to the boil, and then, stirring continuously, allow to simmer until a test in cold water is satisfactory. Turn out and cut into squares as for Chocolate Crunch.*

CAKES AND BISCUITS.

CHOUX À LA CRÈME (24 choux): *Melt over a low fire 2 oz. of margarine in ½ pint of water; pour in 2 oz. of sieved flour and mix well until the paste comes away clean from the sides of the saucepan. Remove; when cool enough to touch, mix in, one at a time, two reconstituted dried eggs. Arrange heaps of the mixture in a baking tin, leaving enough space between each for swelling. Bake in a medium oven for 30 minutes. When cold, split and fill with a chocolate cream made thus: Bring to the boil ½ pint of milk, pour it over a mixture made of 3 teaspoonfuls of custard powder and 9 of sweetened chocolate powder, which has been diluted to a smooth paste with ¼ pint of cold milk. When free of lumps, bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Leave to cool off.*

CROISSANTS À L'ORANGE (30 croissants): *Cream 2 oz. margarine with 1 oz. sugar; add one dried egg (not reconstituted) mixed with 2 oz. of sieved flour and 1 dessertspoonful orange essence. Knead well together. Roll, on a floured board, into a long sausage ½ in. thick, cut into 30 equal parts, twist each into the form of a crescent. Leave in a low oven for 15 to 20 minutes.*

DOUBLE DECKERS (24 biscuits): *Pass 4 oz. of flour through a sieve and rub in 4 oz. of margarine. Knead, adding 2 oz. sugar. Roll out on a floured board to about ¼ in. thick and cut into rounds. Press two rounds together with the following filling between: Mix 4 tablespoonfuls of sweetened chocolate powder with 4 of milk and bring to the boil, stirring rigorously until thick. Bake in a medium oven for 15 to 20 minutes.*

MILLEFEUILLE (8 persons): *Rub 2 oz. of margarine in 4 oz. of flour; add a pinch of salt and one reconstituted, beaten-up dried egg. Knead well and leave for 10 minutes. Next, roll out as thinly as possible on a floured cloth and leave for a further 10 minutes. Cut out a piece large enough to line, and hang over the edges of a tart tin, and the remainder into as many pieces as possible the size of the tin. Put alternate layers of pastry and lemon cream (see below), finally folding over the hanging edge. Sprinkle with melted margarine and leave in a medium oven until lightly browned (20 to 30 minutes). For the* LEMON CREAM, *put into a saucepan 2 dried eggs (not reconstituted), 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and 1 of sugar. Add, little by little, stirring all the time, ½ pint of milk (household, if necessary), taking care to avoid lumps. Bring to the boil, still stirring, and when thick, remove. Let cool, and add one teaspoonful of lemon essence.*

SAVOURIES.

CHEDDAR FINGERS (about 50 fingers): *Mix 2 oz. flour with 2 oz. of grated cheese; rub in 2 oz. of margarine. Work the ingredients together and if too friable add a few drops of water. Roll out on a floured board to about ¼ in. thick, cut into strips the size of a finger, and bake in a low oven for 10 to 15 minutes.*

FRENCH SANDWICH: *Cut the crust from off a sandwich loaf and slice lengthwise into three equal parts. Spread the bottom layer with a mixture of sardines and creamed margarine; set the second slice over the filling and spread with a mixture of cheese and anchovy essence (to taste). Arrange top slice in position. Paint the entire loaf lightly with milk and sprinkle liberally with breadcrumbs. Cut crosswise.*

ANCHOVY STRAWS (about 50 straws): *Rub 2 oz. of margarine in 2 oz. of flour; add 2 dessertspoonfuls of anchovy essence and 1 of milk. Knead well, roll out on a floured board to ⅛ in. thick and cut into thin straws. Bake for 10 to 15 minutes in a low oven.*

ROMANY APPLES (8 persons): *Pass through the mincer 4 oz. of cheese; cream with 1 oz. of lard. Roll between the hands into eight apple shapes, dust lightly with paprika, stick a leaf in the top and a clove in the bottom and serve sitting on the following biscuits: Rub 1 oz. of margarine in 2 oz. of wholemeal flour. Add a pinch of salt and half a reconstituted dried egg. Knead well and leave in a cool place for a few minutes. Roll out on a floured board (double wafer thickness), cut into 2-in. squares, prick with a fork, and leave from 5 to 10 minutes in a low oven.*

DRAWING BY JOAN SIMPSON.

GIRLS OF THE MERCHANT AIR STEWARDESSES

Undisturbed by any motion, STEWARDESS PEGGY KEYTE *bringing hot coffee to passengers, as the 'plane gains height.*

Smart air stewardesses, wearing their navy-blue uniform, standing in the stern of the launch as it skims out to the flying-boat in the harbour.

ONE of the latest jobs for women is the newly instituted one of stewardesses for the Merchant Air Service, the Government-owned concern operated by British Overseas Airways, which is keeping open the Empire air communications in wartime, just as the Merchant Navy keeps them open by sea; and covers air routes which total more than 40,000 flying miles in length. Helping the staff of this great civil flying fleet is a corps of women whose relation to the Merchant Air Service resembles that of the W.A.A.F. to the R.A.F. These flying girls, who include a number of air stewardesses,

STEWARDESS HELEN WIGMORE, *changed into her navy-blue suit, gets a passenger's luggage off the rack at the end of the flight.*

During the flight stewardesses wear spotless white jackets. Miss Peggy Keyte is serving a passenger with coffee.

SERVICE: BRITAIN'S FLYING IN ACTION.

Loading up with vacuum flasks full of coffee: stewardesses taking supplies aboard the launch before a flight.

Wartime passengers are not pampered with luxury meals, but good, strong coffee is provided from battalions of vacuum flasks.

we·r dark-blue uniforms with a rose-coloured band round the sleeve, ro·e-coloured epaulettes and a dark-blue forage cap. The stewardesses ar· responsible for ministering to the comfort of passengers who have to make long flying trips on urgent official business. They must be thoroughly "·irworthy and airminded," and able to look after the passengers on rough or on smooth flights. The work is hard, and air stewardesses must be ready to be called on at a moment's notice to go on duty. Our photographs show th·m in the 'planes, serving coffee, fastening safety-belts and helping to arrange th· hand luggage, and in the launches which ferry passengers and gear to the fly·ng-boats at anchor in the harbours.

One of the duties of the stewardess is to adjust the safety-belts on passengers before the take-off. Miss Keyte is seen doing this.

STEWARDESS PEGGY KEYTE, *twenty-six-year-old air stewardess, waves good-bye to friends as she starts on a flight.*

GREAT VICTORIAN ROMANCE IN ITS SCREEN FORM:

Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester in each other's arms at last: JOAN FONTAINE *and* ORSON WELLES.

Jane Eyre, the new governess at Thornfield, makes friends with her pupil, Adèle (MARGARET O'BRIEN).

Mrs. Fairfax (EDITH BARRETT), *the housekeeper, will not enlighten Jane in regard to the mystery.*

"JANE EYRE," the famous Victorian romance by Charlotte Brontë, was successfully staged some time ago, and is now coming to the screen in a 20th Century-Fox production, with Orson Welles as the sinister Mr. Rochester and Joan Fontaine in the title-rôle. As everyone knows, the story deals with the love-affair of the demure governess and

[*Continued opposite.*

Mr. Rochester rouses Jane's jealousy by the marked attention he pays to Blanche Ingram (HILLARY BROOKE).

"JANE EYRE" WITH JOAN FONTAINE AND ORSON WELLES.

Jane Eyre, the young governess, is fascinated by the moody and somewhat saturnine Mr. Rochester.

Jane Eyre confesses her love for Mr. Rochester and promises to marry him.

The forbidden wedding! Jane, in her bridal attire, learns that Mr. Rochester already has a wife.

Continued.]
her tough employer, who is tied to an insane wife whom he keeps incarcerated in a wing of his ancient mansion. The madwoman eventually sets the house alight and is burnt to death, while Rochester loses his sight trying to rescue her, so, though he has Jane to console him, the end of their romance is only moderately happy.

Blinded and alone in the ruins of Thornfield: Mr. Rochester—as Jane finally finds him.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

ST. TERESA OF AVILA and St. Thérèse, respectively the Eagle and the Dove of Miss Sackville-West's title, make a vivid contrast; and the fact that they had certain things in common—were both Carmelites, both saints and both named Teresa—only serves to make the contrast sharper. The stamp of size is on everything that St. Teresa did and stood for. The patron saint of Spain, she was born in a palace, and all her ideals and undertakings, from the moment when, at the age of seven, she set off with her brother in quest of "the Moors and martyrdom," are marked by a kind of reckless amplitude. She was utterly fearless. "I look down on the world," she said, "as from a great height, and care very little what people say or know about me." A zealous reformer, she incurred the suspicion of the Inquisition; but she "heard this with pleasure, and it made me laugh, because I was never afraid of them." As far as a saint can be, she was self-willed and autocratic; like most Spaniards, she had a good sense of humour and she did not suffer fools gladly. Though a mystic and a writer of books on mysticism, she was immensely practical and active, founding religious houses, rushing from place to place, in the world, it seemed, as much as in the convent. In death, her body was bandied to and fro between Alba, where she died, and Avila, her birthplace. Finally it was almost torn to pieces, so feverish was the rush for relics.

The Contrast. Between this mobile, dynamic, aristocratic figure and Thérèse, ninth child of a watchmaker of Lisieux, what a difference—all the difference between imperialist sixteenth-century Spain and bourgeois nineteenth-century France, between highbrow and lowbrow, between mysticism and piety, between an active nature and a passive one. Yet if we commit the vulgarity of seeing the two in competition—candidates for the Church's supreme honour—we find that the tortoise outstripped the hare. Teresa had to wait longer for canonisation than Thérèse. It is characteristic of the two that whereas as a child Teresa longed for martyrdom, Thérèse's earliest wish was to be a saint: to be "advanced to the altars." She had no practical or organising instinct, as Teresa had, and little experience of the outside world to help or hinder her on the road to sanctity. She led an entirely sheltered life. Outside herself and her own nature, she had only one obstacle to surmount: the refusal of the authorities to let her enter a convent as early as she wished. Here she showed inflexible determination. When permission was denied by lesser dignitaries, she applied in person to the Pope. After that she did not have to assert herself again; she had only to follow the path to perfection that she has herself described in her manual, "The Little Way."

"The Little Way." "In my Little Way," she said, "there is nothing but very ordinary little things; little souls must be able to do everything that I do." A cult of the little has grown up round Thérèse. "The favourite adjectives in her parents' vocabulary," says Miss Sackville-West, "were 'dear' and 'little'; sweetness was the rule of the house." Devotees of St. Thérèse—and they are extremely numerous, for she is a most popular saint—have made much of this quality of smallness, to the point of offending austerer tastes. But she is not altogether to blame for that, and the little things she strove for demanded as much continuous self-discipline, perhaps, as the more sensational sacrifices made by martyrs. She was not a mystic in the sense that St. Teresa was, nor were her religious experiences accompanied in the same degree by a suspension of natural laws. The subject of mysticism is one of the most fascinating of the many discussed in this fascinating book. Indeed, the appeal of "The Eagle and the Dove" is so various that I despair of conveying it.

AIR CDT. LADY WELSH, *new Director of the W.A.A.F., recently visited Balloon sites in London, where she inspected W.A.A.F. personnel. Here she is watching girls in the act of "bedding down" their balloon.*

East and West. "Comedy in Chains" is written in a spirit of "India for the Indians," and is to that extent a propaganda novel. The hero, Dr. Ananda Cummings, has been educated in England, but he is not favourably impressed by Western civilisation.

> In reality [he reflects] it corresponds to what ancient Hinduism called the Dark Ages. It has set the excitement of commercialism in place of the happiness of culture. It recognises not spiritual, but money values only. Its first commandment is, "Thou shalt be a success." Its devotees plunge themselves into a cauldron of life-corroding competition. And the trouble is that they want Indians to jump in too. Western commercialism is India's real enemy, much more than the English, who, individually, are not bad.

This, then, is Mr. Stoll's theme, and the question arises—as it arises in all works of propaganda—how far has the author, consciously or unconsciously, allowed his picture of Indian life to be distorted by preconceived ideas? Would it be possible, for instance, for someone to be officially arrested for being found in possession of a "dangerous" book—in this case, Maxim Gorki's "Mother"—and if so, would such a proceeding be the rule or the exception? Without knowing the country one cannot tell. One can tell, however, if an author lets his bias appear in matters of characterisation, and here we must acquit Mr. Stoll, for if in Mr. Winter he gives a disagreeable picture of an Indian Civil Servant, in the person of Sir Trilby, the District Collector, he gives a very pleasant one. And his satire at the expense of Miss Buss-Hardy is gentle and affectionate, as well as extremely amusing. Nor does he portray his Indian characters as perfect; far from it.

The Saving Grace. I take it that Mr. Stoll is partly Indian by race—at any rate, his story possesses the sensibility and spiritual awareness that one finds in the work of Indian writers. But it also possesses other qualities which they often lack—definiteness of outline, feeling for form, and, above all, an excellent sense of humour, to the action of which all the characters, the ruled no less than the ruling, are subject. The scene in which the Muslim hunchback gives the Hindu a ride is deliciously funny, as well as (I should imagine) a shrewd comment on the relationship between Hindus and Mohammedans. The nuptial rites of/ Rukku and Gopala also have their funny side. There is much to laugh at and to laugh with in this story; it is only at the end, when war breaks out and cholera begins, that the tinkling of comedy is drowned by the rattling of chains. Compassionate, but never patronising, the author's humour acts as a solvent in which all the characters, white and coloured, attain something of the equality that he so much desires for them, even if it is only the equality of fallibility. Writers who set out to proclaim the solidarity of man are sometimes impatient with the follies of men; their high-mindedness makes them intolerant. Mr. Stoll's humanity extends to the individual as well as to the genus.

A Millionaire's Heirs. Nobody liked Senator Maitland. He was as unpopular as only a man destined for murder can be. (Actually, it was his wife and ex-mistress who was killed first. John Brent, Mr H. C. Branson's sad-eyed, quiet-spoken, bearded detective, was called in by the Senator to investigate Corinne's death.) But many people would have liked his fifty million dollars, and when the third murder occurred each of his possible heirs wondered, or seemed to wonder, whether it would be his or her turn next. Most of them had something to conceal, and they chose the most obvious way of escaping their worries.

"Everybody's drunk, Brent," Helen said in a toneless voice. "First Walter, then Charles. I had to put Walter to bed."

This chronic insobriety made Brent's task all the more difficult. Meanwhile, the God-fearing inhabitants of Shiloh Park, a puritanical settlement near the lake where the Senator's palace of pleasure was, who had been horrified by his goings-on, also fell under suspicion; and the party at the villa never wearied of advising Brent to look for the murderer among the Shihlonese.

"I'll Eat You Last" is an unusually well-written story, and Mr. Branson wears his mantle of culture much more lightly than do some of his fellow-craftsmen. I like Brent. He is thoughtful and subtle, even if he failed to prevent one murder and only just stopped another. This is not one of the simpler detective stories. When Brent says, "We have, if you follow me, a suicide masquerading as a murder masquerading as a suicide," he is being even cleverer than he appears to be.

Word for Word. Mr. Will Oursler's title is a literal description of his book. "The Trial of Vincent Doon" is a verbatim report of the proceedings of the Court of General Sessions in the County of New York, when Vincent Doon, a young painter who "was trying to say something new in landscapes" was tried for the murder of Edwin Hallett. At the time of the murder both men were guests in the house of Richard Van Eyck, a retired business man of high social standing. Doon was in love with Richard's daughter, Hallett was engaged to her: jealousy was said to be Doon's motive in murdering him. Mr. Oursler's direct method of narration involves a good deal of "Objection sustained—Objection overruled"—which the reader may wish away; on the other hand, the answers of the witnesses possess a genuine psychological interest very rare in a detective story (the attitude of the cook is particularly convincing); the judge is a fair-minded man, and there is no bias in the conduct of the case. The all-important clue of the telephone-call is cleverly developed. Nearly all detective stories are realistic; this one achieves reality as well.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Eagle and the Dove. By V. Sackville-West. (*Michael Joseph*; 10s. 6d.)
Comedy in Chains. By Dennis Gray Stoll. (*Gollancz*; 7s. 6d.)
I'll Eat You Last. By H. C. Branson. (*John Lane*; 7s. 6d.)
The Trial of Vincent Doon. By Will Oursler. (*Museum Press*; 8s. 6d.)

STAGE SUCCESS "CLAUDIA" COMES TO THE SCREEN.

David Naughton (ROBERT YOUNG) *finds that his child-wife Claudia* (DOROTHY McGUIRE) *is growing up.*

Musical and carefree: David Naughton, Mrs. Brown (INA CLAIRE) *and Claudia.*

ROBERT YOUNG *and* DOROTHY McGUIRE *as the young married couple, David and Claudia Naughton.*

David tries to make Claudia put away childish things, but she is only interested in the big egg laid by one of her chickens.

Claudia meets Jerry (REGINALD GARDINER) *and is highly flattered at his interest in her.*

"CLAUDIA," 20th Century - Fox Film version of the successful comedy by Rose Franken which has been running at the St. Martin's Theatre for two years, was due at the Odeon, Leicester Square on December 10. Dorothy McGuire plays the child-wife Claudia, the girl who won't grow up. She adores her mother, and has a little-girl attitude towards everything, from her chickens to her husband. One day, sophisticated play-wright Jerry calls when she is alone and finds her attractive. She plays up and rouses her husband David's jealousy, but it is only when she learns that she is going to have a baby and that her beloved mother is suffering from a mortal disease that she finds her soul and becomes a woman.

David surprises his wife Claudia with the fascinating Jerry, and is furious.

TRAIN 'EM ROUGH.*

By H. RAILTON HOLDEN.

FLYING OFFICER RAWBOLD threw his arms round the fat, elderly Frenchwoman and kissed her. "Mama Masson," he said, "if every Poilu had been born of a woman with a heart as stout as yours, your country would still be free. Don't grieve for Pierre. He will have already escaped to England to fight again, as I hope to do to-night."

Mme. Masson shook her head. This British flying officer whom for months she had passed off as her son knew well—for she had often told him—that she considered Pierre dead. And now this man who had become a second son to her in the months of his convalescence intended to brave the Boche bullets. It was a mad scheme—to walk boldly on to the Nazi aerodrome and board a bomber bound for England.

Mme. Masson shook her head as she held Rawbold at arm's length and surveyed him in the German flying-suit, with the parachute slung over his shoulder. Only the two of them knew where lay the body of Lieutenant Kocke, who had once worn that outfit.

A photograph of Rawbold in another uniform was hung on the wall. It had been taken in an invalid chair in the garden at the back of the *estaminet*. He had scrawled across it "Pierre." Yes, the courageous little Frenchwoman also carried a quick wit. After hiding him for six weeks in the cock-loft above the *estaminet*, she had sent to the town for her photographer nephew and a French uniform. The deception had escaped detection.

Rawbold's French was that of the Parisian and not of the *campagnard*. But what did the Gestapo know of French dialects? His German had an academic background, flavoured with an accent from the local aerodrome. For several months he had hobbled about the bar of the *estaminet* serving *vin rouge* and *vin malagar* to the arrogant pilots who monopolised the place.

If ever a man had made provision for any and every eventuality, that man was Rawbold. He had not listened to the boastful talk of the German pilots when in drink night after night without learning something of the procedure and preparation for bombing raids on England.

He knew the pilots; he knew the zero hour; he knew the times and intervals of taking-off. Wunch was the pilot in whose bomber he had decided to fly to England that night. Wunch did not know of this honour.

Patting Madame on the cheek, Rawbold said, "Give Pierre my English address if he returns before the war is over. There will always be a welcome for him there and in the British Army."

Abruptly he strode out into the darkness. Half-way across the first field he heard the cry, "Pierre! Pierre!" He hesitated for only an instant and then pushed on. Duty and inclination lay ahead. Behind him was his life as Pierre.

The willow coppice hiding Wunch's machine was cultivated by the village basket-maker whom Rawbold had frequently helped. He was a hundred yards away from it when the sixth sense of a hunted animal told him that he was followed. He dived for better cover. A cart-track ran between two hedges hereabouts. It followed the old river-bed.

There were two of them in pursuit. They moved rapidly as if they knew the ground. Without a word between them, they passed him in the direction of the aerodrome.

How had he betrayed himself after carrying out the imposture all these months? But perhaps he had not betrayed himself. The Nazi pilots used often to take this short cut to camp. These two might be sneaking back after a run into the town without leave. Yet he recalled now that last cry of Mme. Masson's—that "Pierre! Pierre!" It was a warning of pursuit.

He rose to his feet and followed the men. If he had chosen the psychological moment for escape that had anticipated capture by a few moments, then his luck was in. One 'plane after another was being started up on the aerodrome. He began to grow anxious. Yet his luminous watch told him that he still had plenty of time before Wunch was scheduled to take off.

Two sharp reports came dully through his flying-helmet. They were followed by half-a-dozen more. And then an engine started up. He began to run. The path through the coppice was well-worn. It came out at the side of the camouflaged hangar. He could see the vague outline of the huge bomber now, its twin exhausts spitting flames as it was revved up on the chocks.

His appearance in the open, running clear of the hangar into a shaft of moonlight, was greeted with a challenge in German. There was no second challenge. Shots began to fan close. He fired at the pin-points of flame and heard one choking cry. His pursuers had evidently given warning of his proximity. He stumbled over a prone figure, rolled over, clumsily picked himself up and fired again on the run. Veering away to the starboard side of the machine, he dodged under the fuselage and was just in time to prevent the door from being fastened.

He came up with the light from the interior showing up his automatic. The pilot threw up his hands with an exclamation of surprise. He backed away from the door, allowing Rawbold to clamber in and kick the steps away. He pushed home the door lever and shouted at the same moment in his best hectoring German, "Take off at once!"

Another of them was already seated at the controls, adjusting his parachute harness. He obeyed the command with alacrity. His companion edged himself into the second pilot's seat, still with his hands aloft. Rawbold disarmed them both as the machine bumped over the rough ground at increasing speed along the flare-path. It seemed as if they were never going to rise. At last they were off.

In those first few vivid seconds, his acute perception told him many things. They were carrying large bombs; they had no crew on board; neither pilot answered to the name of Wunch. They were a villainous-looking pair, bearded and thoroughly peeved at being thus caught on the hop. He saw them exchange glances. At once he jabbed his automatic down the collar of the man at the control column.

"Keep your eyes ahead!" He barked in faultless German. "If either of you speaks to the other I shoot to kill. I alone will do the talking on this trip. Do not delude yourselves. I am myself a pilot, and could do without the services of the pair of you, which would give me the greatest pleasure."

They reached the Straits of Dover. Here he released the load of mischief they were carrying. They were about to fly over that most unhealthy spot for German pilots—Hell's Corner—and he preferred to put a little greater distance between himself and those gunners.

He got up from the navigator's seat and went forward to enforce his compass directions with the automatic. They were still pretending that they could not understand his orders. The searchlights were becoming playful now. He gave the order to shut off the engines. When it was not obeyed, he shut them off himself. They commenced a silent glide.

Fires had been started by the bombers in front of them. A vivid flash lit the sky, illuminated a wide area for ten seconds, in which he could see for miles, and then died down.

"Gasometer!" thought Rawbold. It proved useful in picking out the railway line for him, and there in front was the very aerodrome, somewhere in Kent, near which he wanted to alight.

One last check-up on his harness . . . a glance at the two pilots . . . a deep breath . . . tensed muscles. Then he took the toss. The first rush of cold air made him gasp. The parachute opened with a bang. He had made it.

Within half an hour of sniffing the London air from above, he landed in the arms of a lady warden, explained himself away to a country policeman on the look-out for a paratroop, and had been driven at his own request to his old squadron somewhere in Kent.

The officers were at dinner when he arrived. Ceremony went to blazes when his escape become known. The bar was the only place in which to relate his adventures and his escape in a German bomber piloted by two members of the Luftwaffe. He gave them a brief outline as his old C.O. suggested a return to the mess.

"You can answer all the questions the boys want to ask you there," said the C.O. "I also have some visitors who will be interested."

There were many faces missing from the table. New pilots glanced up at his entrance with only a mild curiosity. Two of the faces there caused Rawbold to start. He could not be mistaken in the two bearded ruffians of the Luftwaffe sitting on the C.O.'s right hand. He glared at them. They returned his glare.

The C.O. motioned Rawbold to the seat on his left. He said: "You three ought to know each other."

"We do," replied Rawbold grimly.

"That man!" cried the shorter of his late prisoners, pointing an accusing finger at Rawbold. "He is the spy we haf just told you who jumps with his parachute."

The C.O. held up his hand. "I'd better introduce you properly," and turning to the excited foreigner and his companion: "This is Rawbold—Flying Officer Rawbold—of our squadron, posted missing after Dunkirk." To Rawbold he explained: "Meet Lieutenant Spender, of the Guards, and Pierre Masson, of the French Air Force——"

Rawbold was on his feet, pump-handling Pierre's hand before the C.O. could finish. He had to use both hands to prevent the excited Frenchman from kissing him on both cheeks as he cried: "*Mon Dieu! Maman* tells me you leave the *estaminet* but two minutes before we arrive. She tells us you steal the bomber. We follow——"

"And you passed me," broke in Rawbold.

"A-ha! Now I understand," said Pierre. "But why you not speak English, and then we know you?"

"That was not the trouble, Pierre," drawled the Guards officer. "Your mother told us to look for a handsome British pilot. All the same, Rawbold, thanks a lot for your directions. Without those and the gun in Pierre's neck, I doubt if we should have made the trip. As it was, he forgot to lower the under-carriage on landing. You see, he was only in training when they captured him. This is his first solo flight in a fast bomber." [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary*

YOU ..

if you can wait

Today the general public cannot buy a Terry Anglepoise Lamp. But when it can it will have been well worth waiting for. The Anglepoise is a lamp of 1001 angles that holds any position, makes work a pleasure and reading a joy, saves eyestrain and electric current and folds up small when out of use. No wonder thousands of people who have only *seen* a Terry Anglepoise are praying for victory—and the return of this wonder-lamp.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH.

The TERRY ANGLEPOISE LAMP

Pat. all countries

Jacqmar

SCARF TOKENS

For Xmas Gifts-exchangeable for any of our newest topical or propaganda scarves-Tokens priced at 44/7, 55/10, 78/10, 101/4, 123/10, & 135/- obtainable only from

Jacqmar

16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON. W.1.

WOOL GIVES WARMTH IN WINTER

TWO overcoats to keep out the coldest of winter winds: on the left a smartly tailored coat in heavyweight Herringbone Camel cloth, double-breasted and lined throughout with brown satin quilted to waist; on the right, the ideal coat for wearing over suits. In wool and camel cloth, it has Tuxedo fronts and facings of brown wool and alpaca; it is lined with quilted satin. Both these from Peter Robinson of Oxford Street, W.1.

A Stolas suit in Scotch tweed will show a splendid long-life return for treasured coupons. From Peter Robinson

FOR indoors, the girl sitting has a tailored dress in bright yellow wool; her companion a dress of donkey-brown Marana, buttoned up the back and trimmed with black strips of insertion which are very slimming. Both are Dorville models which may be bought from all first-class stores

CHANEL

Chanel, for more than a decade, has been the perfume of the *élite*—used throughout fashionable society.

Owing to war-time conditions this wonderful perfume is not now available, but Chanel are doing everything possible to give their clientèle their favourite perfume in Chanel face powders, lipsticks and toilet soaps.

Chanel greet their great public and look forward to the brighter days when they will again have the pleasure of serving them.

Any perfume offered to our clientèle as Chanel is spurious and not a Chanel production unless the bottle is labelled with our name and address thereon, in conformity with the Board of Trade regulations.

Issued by PARFUMS CHANEL LTD.,
Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

● Let a Gift Token solve your problem again this Christmas: values 5/-, 10/-, £1, £2 and £5. Acceptable in 65 London and Provincial Stores. Order them by post.

SLENDER LINES for the FULLER FIGURE

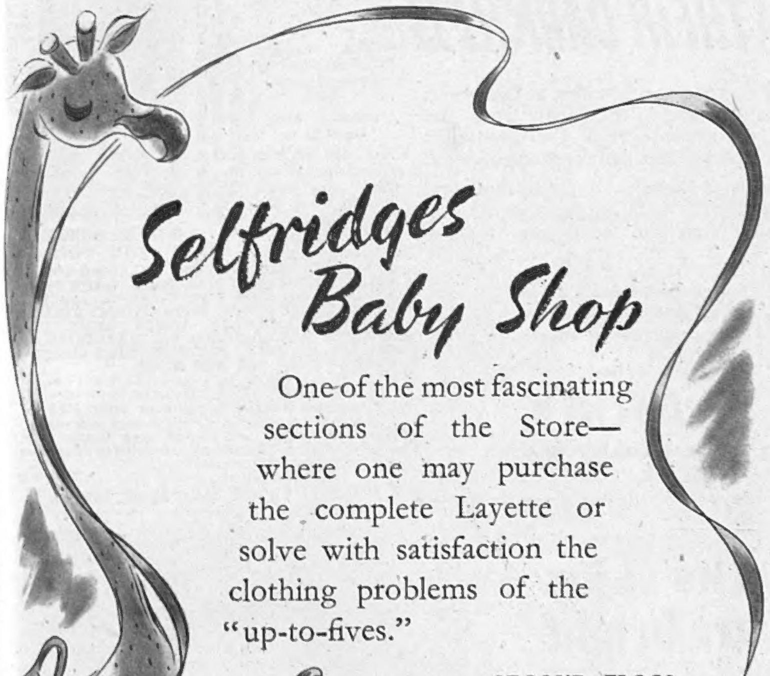
Cleverly styled Afternoon Gown in black or navy artificial silk marocain, with insets and pleats in gaily coloured prints. Hip sizes 46, 48 and 50 ins.

£3 · 1 · 7
(7 coupons)

Other outstanding examples in our "Utility" range for the Full Size woman are long-sleeved Wool Frocks at **£2·19·2**, and a short-sleeved wool gown with buttoned-through bodice and tailored collar, in cherry, turquoise or black, **£3·1·9.**
(11 coupons each)

Model Gowns from **£9.**
Full Figure Salon: Third Floor.

Swan & Edgar LTD.
Piccadilly Circus, W.1 Regent 1616



Selfridges Baby Shop

One of the most fascinating sections of the Store—where one may purchase the complete Layette or solve with satisfaction the clothing problems of the "up-to-fives."

SECOND FLOOR

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 1234

Great Coat Comfort

Service women who take cover in the snug warmth of a well-cut Austin Reed greatcoat can defy the only enemy in this island—the weather. Our Service greatcoats are tailored from cloths made by the best mills in the country, and are priced from £11.14s.3d.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

London Telephone: Regent 6789

PERHAPS the chief element which contributes to the joyousness of Christmas is giving. Everyone is bent on bringing gladness to others.

We would like you to remember the work of JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE, founded by the late John Groom and the great Earl of Shaftesbury. We rely on the public, more than ever, to support the training and maintaining of crippled girls; bringing relief and partial independence to a class who, otherwise, would be in a desperate condition.

For our GIRLS' ORPHANAGE we welcome gifts of toys, books—anything likely to add to the happiness of our 150 charges. Their ages range from babyhood to 15 years. Parcels should be addressed: JOHN GROOM'S ORPHANAGE, Davenport House, Worfield, near Bridgnorth, Salop.

Report gladly sent on request.

PRESIDENT: The Rt. Hon. Lord Radstock.

Contributions and enquiries to the Secretary:

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE

37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1.

Andy ADAGES No. 14

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush but a thorn in the hand is no joke when gardening. ANDY Garden Gloves afford complete protection against cuts and scratches. They're tough, yet pliable, and won't dry hard after wetting or washing.

"These are the gloves you have heard about."

2/6 per pair from all Ironmongers and Stores, or direct **2/9** post free. (State size and send 1 coupon per pair)

Tedson Thornley & Co., Rochdale

Andy Regd **GARDEN GLOVES**

KERFOOTS MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the manufacturing experience of eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH · ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire P1

STOP THAT COLD WITH

VAPEX INHALANT

For the safe, quick, pleasant relief of Colds and Catarrh

Breathe the Vapour

Of all Chemists 2/3

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire Y222

LIGHTEN THEIR DARKNESS

THE CHURCH ARMY makes a special effort at Christmas to bring a little extra good cheer to the lonely poor, the gentlewomen in distress, the aged, the sick, the motherless children, in fact to "all that are desolate and oppressed."

At Church Army centres and Mobile Canteens men and women of our fighting Forces will be entertained and helped to forget the separation from their homes and loved ones. Many will receive little presents.

Will you make a special effort, too? Your gift will mean a great deal to someone. This Christmas, try to give a little more than you can spare, for those who are giving up so much.

Rev. H. H. Treacher, General Secretary and Head

THE CHURCH ARMY

55, BRYANSTON STREET, LONDON, W.1

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

BREAST SUPPORTER

Trade Mark. Regd. Design Patents. Copyright Reserved.

White material. For drooping, heavy figures, 59/6.

Loose Breasts, from 52/6.

Pink, Silk or Net, Detachable straps. Very low-back model, from 63/-

Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

JOUJOU GIVES UPLIFT and SUPPORT TO FIRM or LOOSE BREASTS

INGENIOUS DESIGN for AMPUTATION

WITH & WITHOUT
NURSE WITH COMFORT

TO PREVENT BREASTS FROM DRAGGING, COLLAR-BONES FROM PROTRUDING, MUST WEAR JOUJOU BREAST SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SORENESS, CHAFE AND STOOPING, GIVES UPLIFT, RELIEVES PAIN, INFLAMMATION, WHICH ARISE FROM NEGLECT. ALSO DESIGNED FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING MOTHERS. PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING. MUST BE WORN DAY AND NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.

FOR AMPUTATION. *Prices on application.*

Joujou Breast Supporter with Pad.

Personal fitting when calling or send your order. Illustrated circular will be sent upon receipt of 3d. Orders guaranteed immediately executed by return post. Write or 'Phone Welbeck 1249. 131248

Obtainable only from— Dept. S.663

"JOUJOU" Co., 32, Baker Street, London, W.1

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality, although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON INVERNESS

The skies are bright

The skies are bright for youngsters brought up in the certain hope of British victory, and nourished on Britain's famous COW & GATE Milk Food. When the enemy has been overcome, we need not fear for the stamina of our new generation.

Thanks to COW & GATE.

©3317

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies Love it!"